Feb. 19, 1944

— CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER —

The Mystery of the Ten Dollar Bills

by

Alonzo Deen Cole

Script No. 32

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of KKNE Casey- Press Photographer. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift-moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— "Casey and- the Mystery of the Ten Dollar Bills."

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...SLT & UNDER

ANNC'R: The Blue Note Café, favorite rendezvous of those who work in the near-by Morning Express Building, always enjoys a brisk business...but, on this particular evening at cocktail hour, its bar is especially crowded and Casey and Ann Williams have to (*) edge their way in between many other thirsty standees before they can gain the attention of Ethelbert (FADING) who presides behind the mahogany——

SOUND: AT * FADE IN BAR-ROOM EFFECTS WITH CHATTERING VOICES & PIANO IN BACKGROUND...HOLD BEHIND:

ETH: (OFF) Hello, Casey...'lo, Miss Williams!

CASEY: (UNCOMFORTABLY SQUEEZED) Hi, Ethelbert!

ANN: (PROJECTS) Hello, Ethlebert.

ETH: Be with ya in a couple shakes!

MAN: (OFF) Two more gin-rickeys, Ethelbert!

ETH: (OFF) Okay.

CASEY: (GLUMLY) That means a couple more shakes,Ann.

GRACE: Goodbye,Ethelbert! (OFF)

ETH: Goodbye,Grace.

ANN: At least,she's getting out of here.

CASEY: She's a skinny gal...she wont leave much more room.

PHELPS: (ABOUT 40...THE CULTURED GENTLEMAN- EVEN IF HE OVERDOES IT! - (AT MIKE:) I beg your pardon,Miss— wont you take this stool?

ANN: (QUICKLY) Oh,no— please—

PHELPS: Please do...we're leaving in a minute,anyway.

ANN: If that's the case— thank you.

CASEY: Much obliged,Mister.

PHELPS: Quite alright,sir. (TURNING AWAY) Now,as I was saying, Greenlee— the war turned my business upside down,too;but the wise man always finds a way out of his difficulties and— (HE CONTINUES INAUDIBLY)

CASEY: (LOW) Lucky you,Ann...you got a seat.

ANN: (LOW) Which proves there are still gentlemen left in the world.

WOMAN: (OFF...STRIDENTLY) That bum's nothin' but a bum!!

CASEY: (CHUCKLES SOFTLY) That proves there are still ladies.

ANN: (DRYLY) Yeah.

GREENLEE: (ABOUT 50...DISCOURAGED) It's easy for you to talk,Phelps ...the way you spend money,you must be sitting pretty,but with me— (HIS VOICE CONTINUES INAUDIBLY)

PHELPS: (SLIGHT PAUSE,THEN) Dont let things get you down,Greenlee... maybe I cant put you in the way of something that— (CONTINUE INAUDIBLY)

ETH: (OFF...FADING ON) What'll it be,Miss Williams?— I always know what Casey wants.

ANN: A Martini, Ethelbert!

CASEY: And make my rye a double!

ETH: Okay.

PHELPS: Oh, Ethelbert—!

ETH: Yes, Mr. Phelps?

PHELPS: Will you take that last drink out of this?— Mr. Greenlee and I are leaving.

ETH: Yeah, sure. (FADING AGAIN) Just a minute, Casey.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER HALF OFF)

WOMAN: (OFF)..DEFINITELY) I say that bum is nothin' but a bum!!

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES) The lady down there seems to have definite opinions.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) And how.

PHELPS: There's usually quite a decent crowd in here, but—

ETH: (FADING ON) Here's your change, Mr. Phelps— Say, do you and Casey know each other?

PHELPS: This gentleman—? No, we've never met before...(CHUCKLING)... I just took the liberty of saying a few words to him—

CASEY: (CHUCKLING) About—

WOMAN: (OFF) A bum is a bum!!

CASEY: — your customer down there.

ETH: (GRIMLY) She and her party are goin' outa here if she dont pipe down...and FAST.

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES) Here's a dollar for yourself, Ethelbert.

ETH: Thanks, Mr. Phelps.

PHELPS: (FADING) See you later.

ETH: (SLIGHT PROJECTION) So long! So long, Mr. Greenlee.

GREENLEE: (HALF OFF...FADING— GLUMLY) So long.

ANN: Who is that man, Ethelbert?— he seems like a nice person.

ETH: Mr.Phelps? (PUZZLED) I dont know anything about him, Miss Williams,except his name...but he does some awful mysterious things—

CASEY: Mysterious things?

ETH: Yeah...every time he comes in here,he—

WOMAN: (OFF) Once a bum,always a bum!!

ETH: (ANGRILY) I aint gonna listen to anymore of that kinda language! (PROJECTS) Charlie—!!

MAN: (HALF OFF) Yes,Ethelbert?

ETH: Put that bum outa here!!

MAN: (FADING) Okay.

SOUND: AD LIB ALTERCATION OFF,GRADUALLY FADING OUT

ETH: (TOPPING SOUND) Casey,as my sister,Edna,says— quote: "Patience ceases to become a virtue when you're dealin' with a pain in the neck"— unquote. And I'm gonna run a respectable bar if I have to hire a dozen more bouncers!

CASEY: Now that's settled— what's the mystery about your Mr.Phelps?

ETH: (PONDEROUSLY) Well...he almost always comes in here with that little guy,Greenlee—

ANN: Who's Greenlee?

ETH: G.K.Greenlee...he usta be quite a big shot before the war near ruined his business—

CASEY: You dont mean the Greenlee who owned all those auto supply stores??

ETH: That's him. There's only a couple stores left now,I understand...when they stopped buildin' autos and he couldn't get tires to sell—

ANN: That must have hit him hard.

ETH: Yeah. But he's far from bein' broke,accordin' to what I hear him say to Phelps sometimes...Greenlee's just the kind who always wants to make a lot more than he's makin'—

CASEY: What's the mystery about Phelps?

ETH: It aint really a mystery,Casey— it's just kina funny. But,on the other hand,it's a mysterious kinda funniness—

ANN: (IMPATIENTLY) Will you tell us what you're talking about?

ETH: Well,Miss Williams,this Phelps—

MAN: (OFF) Hey,Ethelbert— two Scotch and sodas!

ETH: Excuse me. (FADING) Comin' up.

ANN: (LOW,GRIMLY) Someday,Casey,I'm going to kill Ethelbert.

CASEY: (LOW,MORE GRIMLY) Oh no,Ann...someday I'm going to kill him.

ANN: Painfully?

CASEY: Painfully.

ANN: Okay...you can do it,then— but I'll want to watch and gloat.

ETH: (OFF,FADING ON) Say,Casey,you know that welterweight fight that's gonna be held a week from now between Sock Dilski and Bud Fischer— Have you heard how the wise money's bein' bet yet? I'd like to risk a couple bucks if—

CASEY: Never mind about the Dilski-Fischer fight a week from now! What's "mysteriously funny" about that guy,Phelps?

ETH: Oh— I forgit you newspaper people are always on the look-out for stories and camera pitchures! But this wont be no good material for you.

ANN: What is it??

ETH: Only this,Miss Williams:— Mr.Phelps always pays for his drinks before he orders another round for hisself anf Mr.Greenlee... and he always pays with a ten dollar bill.

CASEY: Always?

ETH: Always. If he and Mr.Greenlee has half a dozen drinks,which they often do,Mr.Phelps'll pay for at least four of em— which comes to only a dollar-thirty a round for what they order — with a brand-new sawbuck...which takes a lotta change outa my cash register.

CASEY: (SHARPLY) Those new Ten-Dollars bills are good?

ETH: Uncle Sam's best. I figgered Phelps might be gettin' change for counterfeits when he first started pullin' this business on me,but I looked em over careful and— when I couldn't find nothin' phoney,I took em to the bank myself. And the bank says they're okay.

CASEY: (PUZZLED) That is funnny.

ETH: I call it "quote" mysteriously funny,Mr.Casey. But,like I say,it wont give you and Miss Williams no newspaper story.

CASEY: No,I guess not,Ethelbert.

ETH: (SLOW FADE OUT) Now,Casey...about that fight next week between Sock Dilski and Bud Fischer—

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD UNDER

BURKE: (HAPPILY) Well,Casey— Sock Dilski kayoed Fischer in the 3rd tonight,which means I collect two bucks from you.

CASEY: (UNHAPPILY) Okay,Burke...here's your dough.

ANN: Ethelbert's going to have a bone to pick with you,Casey... only a week ago,you advised him to bet on Schuster.

CASEY: I didn't "advise" him,Ann...I only told him I was going to bet that way.

BURKE: And if Ethelbert had any sense he'd know that Casey never picks a winner.

CASEY: Says you.

BURKE: Says me. I never met a photographer who knew anything about fighters.

CASEY: You City Editors often fail to call the turn on a lot of other things,Burke...such as news,for instance.

BURKE: Oh,yeah?

CASEY: In italics.

BURKE: Let me tell you something—!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UNCRADLED AT *

BURKE: I— Humph! (*) City Desk, Burke speaking. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Okay, Yates— shoot. (PAUSE) Who? (SLIGHT PAUSE) Oh, yeah. Two years ago, that'd been news...now it's page 9, if we can squeeze it in at all. (SLIGHT PAUSE) I've got everything... g'bye.

SOUND: RECEIVER CRADLED

BURKE: Take this address, Casey...you and Williams will cover it.

CASEY: What's it about?

BURKE: Suicide...G.K.Greenlee, who used to have that big chain of auto supply stores, has just put himself completely out of business.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(QUIETLY)

LOGAN: /There's the body, Casey...the Doc just finished with it.

(QUIETLY)

CASEY: /Greenlee put a gun to his head, Logan.

LOGAN: Yeah.

ANN: (QUIETLY) Is there any doubt that he shot himself, Lieutenant Logan?

LOGAN: None, Miss Williams...you hungry news-hounds get no front page murder out of this. (PUZZLED) But it's a suicide with some queer angles.

CASEY: What do you mean?

LOGAN: You'll learn in a minute. Greenlee's widow is in the next room; she's pretty badly broken up, so I haven't questioned her yet...I'm going to do it now and you two can listen in. But no pictures and no story until I give the word.

ANN: Okay, Lieutenant.

CASEY: We play ball.

MRS.G: (ABOUT 40; CULTURED SPEECH...A PAUSE, THEN FADE ON SOBBING)

LOGAN: KMKAMX(GENTLY) Mrs.Greenlee, I've already gotten a pretty clear picture of what happened from your servants, but you understand that I must have your version, too.

MRS.G: (STRIVING FOR SELF CONTROL) I- I understand, Lieutenant.

LOGAN: Will you tell me— everything, to the best of your ability?

MRS.G: (PAUSE, THEN:) My- my husband came home late this evening. He seemed excited and- and he carried a suitcase...a new one that he said he'd just bought. He said he had some work to do in the library...he went in there with the suitcase and- and I heard him look the door behind him. About an hour later— just after I had put the children to bed, I- I heard a shot. Well— my butler finally forced open the locked door and- and we saw him my husband lying on the floor— (SOBS)

LOGAN: I'm very sorry. (PAUSE) You say your husband seemed "excited"— what do you mean by that?

MRS.G: He was very nervous and— apparently pleased about something...what it was he didn't tell me, but I've seen him act the same way after he'd made good business deals. (SOBS) Then...only a little while later— he was dead.

LOGAN: That new suitcase, Mrs.Greenlee— you dont know what was in it?

MRS.G: No.

LOGAN: The butler said he carried it as though it was heavy.

MRS.G: Yes, I noticed that...and he wouldn't let the butler take it from him.

LOGAN: You found this note beside your husband...a note he obviously wrote just before he— shot himself.

MRS.G: Yes.

LOGAN: You read it before we got here?

MRS.G: Yes.

LOGAN: I'm going to read this portion of it to you again...your

(CONT'D)

LOGAN: (cont'd) husband wrote: "I have been a fool;so great a fool that this is the only way out for me...I cannot tell anyone what I have done or try to undo it— because that would cause more lasting unhappiness for you and for our children than will my death." (PAUSE) Can you make a guess as to what he meant by that?

MRS.G: No.

LOGAN: I wont ask you any more questions now,Mrs.Greenlee...go to your room and try to get some rest.

MRS.G: Thank you,Lieutenant. (FADING,SOBBING) I— I just want to be alone.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED OFF

LOGAN: (GRIMLY) Swell thing when a guy bumps himself off and leaves a wife and kids,isn't it,Casey.

CASEY: Swell. You were right about this case having queer angles, Logan.

ANN: Greenlee came home acting "excitedly pleased",then he wrote that strange note and—

LOGAN: That isn't all he did,Miss Williams...he destroyed whatever he brought home in that new suitcase.

CASEY: Yeah?

LOGAN: Here's the suitcase— empty. Now look at that fireplace... the butler tells me it was clean before Greenlee came in here.

CASEY: A lot of stuff's been burned in it.

LOGAN: And the stuff was paper. It's been burned to a crisp and then the ashes were trampled...Greenlee wanted to make sure no one'd find out what that paper originally was.

CASEY: Looks like he succeeded.

LOGAN: He did...there isn't a charred fragment there any bigger than a quarter.

CASEY: Find anything on the body that might give you a lead?

LOGAN: Not a thing. There's the stuff he had in in pockets... on that table.

CASEY: Keys, fountain pen, money— (SLIGHT PAUSE...SLOWLY) This dough came out of his pocket?

LOGAN: Yeah. (QUICKLY CORRECTING HIMSELF) No, not all of it!— just the thirty-odd bucks in his wallet and the small change. That new folding money was lying on his desk, together with the farewell note addressed to his wife.

CASEY: (VERY THOUGHTFULLY) Together with that note, huh?— fifteen crisp, new Ten Dollar bills.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD UNDER

CASEY: Burke, I've got a hunch that those new ten dollar bills had a lot to do with Greenlee's suicide.

BURKE: And But why, Casey??

CASEY: I've told you about seeing him in the Blue Note bar with that guy, Phelps, who changes a new $10 bill every time he buys a drink.

BURKE: (SARCASTICALLY) So your hunch tells you this Phelps is connected with the suicide.

CASEY: Yes.

BURKE: In what way?

CASEY: Logan's found out today that Greenlee turned every asset he could into cash during the week before he shot himself— even his insurance policies...cash that amounted to over $50,000. And that 50,000 has completely disappeared, which leaves Mrs. Greenlee and her kids practically broke. I think Greenlee was the fall-guy for some racket.

BURKE: If someone swindled him— this Phelps, for instance; and you've certainly got a slim reason for suspecting him! —why didn't

BURKE: (cont'd) Greenlee go to the cops instead of bumping himself off?

CASEY: Burke, you know as well as I do that a lot of swindles are worked by incriminating the sucker so he doesn't dare go to the cops. In that farewell note Greenlee wrote to his wife, he said: "I cant tell anyone what I've done, or try to undo it, because that would cause more lasting unhappiness to you and our children than will my death." Doesn't that sound as though he was afraid of disgracing his family by making a squawk?

BURKE: Hmm...you may have something there.

CASEY: And I've got more than a hunch about Phelps. That day, in the Blue Note, I overheard a little conversation between him and Greenlee...Greenlee was kicking about his business and Phelps said he might put him next to something. It was right after that that Greenlee started to turn everything he could into cash.

BURKE: (INTERESTED) Yeah?

CASEY: Yeah. I want to become better acquainted with Mr. Phelps ...and you can help me do it, Burke.

BURKE: How?

CASEY: By running an item in the Express which'll tell the world I've inherited $25,000.

BURKE: You've— "inherited $25,000"???

CASEY: That's what I want printed. Ann Williams will write the item and I'll tell her how to dress it up.

BURKE: You think that may make you attractive to Mr. Phelps and his racket— if he has one.

CASEY: That's the idea.

BURKE: Looks to me like you're sticking your neck out, brother... and what'll it get you?

CASEY: Me? (EMBARRASSED) Well, if Mrs.Greenlee and her kids can be given back that 50,000 bucks they need so badly— (QUICKLY the Express will have a swell,exclusive yarn...with pictures.

BURKE: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah, it'd be great stuff— "Morning Express recovers fortune for penniless widow and orphans—" (SLIGHT PAUSE) Okay,Casey...but I hope this hunch is better than the kind you get about prize-fights.

CASEY: So do I,burke.

BURKE: (CHUCKLES) But are you letting yourself in for something!— when all the grifters and pan-handlers you know read that you've inherited dough,you're going to be the center of a 1944 Gold Rush.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS,PIANO BEHIND...HOLD UNDER

CASEY: (SIGHS) Burke was certainly right about that gold-rush stuff,Ethelbert...since that story appeared in the paper, every moocher in town has been camping on my doorstep.

ETH: (CHUCKLES) When I first saw that article 'bout your "inheritance",Casey,I figgered on touchin' you fer a couple centuries myself...but you spoiled the idea by givin' me the low down.

CASEY: You made sure that Phelps saw the article?

ETH: Dead sure. I showed it to him last week,on the day it was printed- with your pitchure above it — and I told him how you was a pal of mine.

CASEY: And you mentioned that I usually dropped in here around this hour?

ETH: I did everything just like you asked me to.

CASEY: (GLUMLY) I guess my idea wasn't so hot then...it's been almost a week and he's never shown up when I've been in here.

ETH
ETHE: I told you from the start that I dont believe he's any racketeer,Casey. Of course,he was pretty thick with Greenlee and he's mysteriously funny with them $10 bills, but— (LOW) Oh,oh!— he's comin' in the door now.

CASEY: (TENSE) Yeah?

PHELPS: (HALF OFF) Hello,Ethelbert.

ETH: Hello,Mr.Phelps.

PHELPS: (FADING ON) I'll have one of my usual thirst-quenchers— (IN GENIAL SURPRISE) Say— this gentleman's face is familiar.

ETH: I showed you his pitchure only last wee—

CASEY: (QUICKLY) I think we exchanged a few words at the bar here sometime ago.

PHELPS: That was it!

ETH: This is Casey,Mr.Phelps...Mr.Phelps— Casey.

PHELPS: Glad to know you,sir.

CASEY: Same here.

PHELPS: Will you have a drink with me,Mr.Casey?

CASEY: Mr.Phelps— I'll be deelighted.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SUBDUED BACKGROUND OF VOICES & OTHER EFFECTS TO SUGGEST A FIRST CLASS CAFE...IF MUSIC IS USED IT SHOULD CONSIST OF SOFTLY PLAYED WALTZES

PHELPS: Keep your hands off that check,Casey...I'm paying for this dinner.

CASEY: Look here,Phelps,you and I have been palling around together for over two weeks now and you've picked up at least two checks out of every three...I dont like that;I've got some dough of my own,you know.

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES) That $25,000 your uncle left you isn't much of a nest egg,Casey. Why,if a fellow wanted to have a really

(CONT'D)

PHELPS: (cont'd) good time it wouldn't last him six months...and, if he's a tight-wad who put it out at interest— well, 5 percent would only bring in 1250 a year.

CASEY: (GLUMLY) Yeah...25 grand isn't much dough, is it.

PHELPS: Not much. Here, waiter...and keep the change.

WAITER: Thank you, sir.

CASEY: (ENVIOUSLY) The way you hand out those $10 bills you must grow em on trees.

PHELPS: (LAUGHS) I get em almost that easy...I have a friend who makes em.

CASEY: (LAUGHS) You're a pal of Morgenthau's, I suppose.

PHELPS: No— (RATHER SLOWLY) But the Treasury Department isn't the only outfit that can turn out good money.

CASEY: What do you mean?

PHELPS: Oh— nothing. (PAUSE...VERY CASUALLY) You do a lot of work with the police, dont you, Casey?

CASEY: (TENSING A BIT) Naturally...I'm a newspaper guy.

PHELPS: I've heard that you've done a little criminal investigation yourself.

CASEY: That's right...in order to get exclusive pictures for the rag I work for. (RATHER BITTERLY) That's the only way I can keep my job and get a few bucks more in the pay envelope occasionally.

PHELPS: You've played ball with the police— merely for the sake of your job, then?

CASEY: What other reason could I have? (VERY BITTERLY) And what a crummy job I do it for! You've got no idea what it is, Phelps— out at all hours of day and night, in all kinds of weather...associating with fat-head cops and dumb reporters ...taking orders from a loud-mouthed city editor I'd like

CASEY: (cont'd) to sock in the teeth— And they never give a guy any thanks for what he does! (MOROSELY) When I first got that 25-grand, I felt like telling em all what I thought of em and—! But, like you say, 25-grand isn't very much dough, so I've begun to wail

PHELPS: (PAUSE...SOFTLY) How would you like to double it, Casey... maybe triple it?

CASEY: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, I wouldn't care for that, at all!

PHELPS: Maybe I can show you the way.

CASEY: Are you kidding?

PHELPS: No. (VERY QUIETLY) And I wasn't kidding awhile ago when I said a friend of mine makes $10 bills.

CASEY: (PAUSE...LOW) You mean— those bills you pass out are— counterfeits?

PHELPS: Yes...such good counterfeits that they fool the banks and even officials of the Treasury Department itself.

CASEY: I cant believe that.

PHELPS: You've seen me pass plenty...have you ever seen one questioned or refused?

CASEY: (SLIGHT PAUSE) No.

PHELPS: Here...take one of them. Take it to a bank tomorrow, or several banks— say you got it in change somewhere and it doesn't look right to you...see what they say. Then, after they tell you it's good, if you want to buy— say $60,000 worth of them for your 25-grand, I may be able to arrange it

CASEY: (SUSPICIOUSLY) If these counterfeits are as good as you say, why should you let anyone have em at less than face value?

PHELPS: (FLATTERINGLY) That question proves that you're nobody's fool, Casey. (VERY CONFIDENTIALLY) I'll have to let you

(CONT'D)

PHELPS: (cont'd) in on a business secret:- we- my friend buys the paper on which these bills are engraved from a very special source...that source knows what the paper is to be used for,but it ~~xx~~ insists on receiving genuine money in payment.

CASEY: (WISELY) I see.

PHELPS: Think you'd like to do business with us?~~xxxxx~~?

CASEY: (SUSPICIOUSLY AGAIN) Give me a couple more of these bills.~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

PHELPS: (ADMIRINGLY) You've got a sharp mind,Casey— you figure the other I gave you to test might be the genuine article.

CASEY: (THE CONCEITED WISE GUY:) That's right. I've been around, Phelps,and I dont take any wooden nickels.

PHELPS: Here's my wallet...pick out any bill you want and as many as you want.

CASEY: (PARTIAL SURRENDER:) I guess you're leveling,pal...but I'm picking six. If they stand the tests you say,you and I <u>are</u> doing business.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS

BURKE: So Phelps finally propositioned you,Casey?

CASEY: Yeah. I've played the sucker-wise guy for his benefit, Burke,until I almost believe I am one...the same sort of sucker-wise-guy-on-the-make that Greenlee was.

BURKE: But what's the pay-off of Phelps' racket? // those bills he let you have aren't counterfeits!

CASEY: They're as good as gold. You're an old-timer...you should be able to figure out Phelps' racket.

BURKE: Not the corny old "green goods game"?

CASEY: Sure,it's the green goods game.

BURKE: That went out of style when con-men stopped wearing fancy vests and hicks cut off their chin-whiskers.

CASEY: Rackets never go out of style...they're only laid away in moth-balls when too many saps get wise to em and brought out again,and brushed up,after the saps have forgotten.what they were like.

BURKE: Hmm— you've got something there...I've forgotten exactly how the green goods game was worked.

CASEY: So had I until Phelps started his actual come-on today. There's usually at least two guys in the deal,Burke— the front man,Phelps in this case,and a bird who poses as the clever counterfeiter. The counterfeiting is just a gag,of course...the only money they ever use is good old U.S.currency. When the sucker's ripened for the kill, they get his dough and trick him into thinking he's getting a bundle or a suitcase full of those swell "phonies" he's tested out...but,when he gets home and examines his buy,he finds he's got nothing but a bunch of blank paper.

BURKE: That's what happened to Greenlee.

CASEY: I think so. And he had no comeback because,in buying what he thought were counterfeits,he'd proven himself a crook. He'd been taken for all he had and he went a little nuts...he was so afraid someone would suspect what a chump he'd been and hold it against his wife and kids that he burned the worthless paper he'd brought home and trampled the ashes before he blew his brains out.

BURKE: How dod you account for those fifteen new bills he left beside that note?

CASEY: I've got seven such bills that Phelps just gave me... Greenlee must have gotten more samples than I did.

BURKE: Sounds like you have it figured right,Casey. What's your next move?

CASEY: I meet Phelps tomorrow and tell him I'm his oyster. Then it's <u>your</u> move.

BURKE: My move?

CASEY: (EASILY) Sure...you've got to lend me 25,000 bucks.

BURKE: Lend you— (EXPLOSIVELY) —<u>25,000 bucks</u>?????

CASEY: That's what the paper let me inherit,wasn't it?

BURKE: You dont think for one moment—????

CASEY: Burke,in order to get back that dough for Mrs.Greenlee and her kids,I've got to get evidence that Phelps and his mob accept money under false pretenses...and the only way I can do that is to let em accept— my inheritance.

BURKE: The paper'd never let you take chance with $25,000!!

CASEY: (GENEROUSLY) Make it 24,000 then...I'll tell Phelps I gave the other G to a waiter for a tip.

BURKE: You're nuts!!

CASEY: (QUIETLY) Listen,pal,you're going to get a swell exclusive out of this and the paper wont lose a nickel of its money ...will you go to the big boss and tell him I need that money? ~~Orxmkmixx~~ Or must I?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: NONE

BURKE: Here's the 25-grand I got you,Casey.

CASEY: Swell,Burke! Have you marked all the bills?

BURKE: Lieutenant Logan here did that.

CASEY: I hope you did it so Phelps wont get wise,Logan...he's no dumbbell.

LOGAN: Do you think I dont know how to mark bills?

CASEY: You cops aren't always too bright.

LOGAN: (SARCASTICALLY) We're never in the class with you amateur detectives.

CASEY: I'm glad to hear you admit it.

LOGAN: Hmph.

CASEY: (CONTENTEDLY) Well— after Phelps accepts this dough I'll have him hooked.

LOGAN: If it's on him or one of his mob when we cops make the pinch.

CASEY: I'll see that it stays on him.

LOGAN: To make sure,take this gun.

CASEY: What's the use of me packing a gat,Logan?— it'd be a pleasure to beat up a rat like Phelps,but I dont go in for shooting.

LOGAN: You'll have more than Phelps to handle before we crash your party...you know the green-goods game isn't worked by just one man.

BURKE: With the paper's $25,000 at stake,you take that gun, Casey...and use it if necessary.

CASEY: (A SIGH) Okay,Burke.

LOGAN: Now,what arrangements did you make with Phelps?

CASEY: I'm going to meet him at the Blue Note at 8 o'clock tonight— with these 25 Gs,of course...and then he's going to take me some place where I'll meet the boss "counterfeiter"and buy the "phonies". I made a tough bargain:— I'm to get$80,000 worth instead of the 60 he first offered. (CHUCKLES) I'm curious to see how they'll work their pay-off.

LOGAN: Phelps didn't give you any idea where the "someplace" is you're going?

CASEY: No.

LOGAN: I'll have a couple of cars in front of the Blue Note ready to tail you when you leave there.

CASEY: Be cagey in your tailing,Logan...Phelps knows I've worked with you cops and one bum move may make him suspicious.

LOGAN: There wont be any bum moves unless you make em,Casey.

BURKE: And you'd better not make em— with the paper's 25-grand!

CASEY: (WITH GREAT ASSURANCE) I wont.

LOGAN: Humph...I shouldn't wonder if Humpty Dumpty felt as cocky as you do— while he sat on that wall.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS,PIANO BEHIND...HOLD UNDER

PHELPS: Have another before we go,Casey?

CASEY: No thanks,Phelps.

PHELPS: Then I'll pay for this and—

CASEY: (QUICKLY) Oh no,this is on me!— and I've got the right change. (LOW,CHUCKLING) Later tonight,I'll be spreading new ten spots around like you do,Phelps.

PHELPS: That's right.

CASEY: (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Here,Ethelbert— money on the bar.

ETH: (HALF OFF) You and Mr.Phelps leavin',Casey?

CASEY: Yeah...see you later.

ETH: (FADING) So long.

PHELPS: (PROJECTION) So long. (NORMAL TONE,QUICKLY) Let's not go out that way,Casey.

CASEY: Huh?

PHELPS: When I'm starting on an important errand,I always like to leave by the back door instead of the front.

CASEY: Back door?

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES) A little superstition of mine. You dont object?

CASEY: (UNCOMFORTABLY) Uh— no. Why should I?

PHELPS: Besides, I have a special cab waiting for us near the back door...with a special driver who's very good at losing any car that might try to follow us.

CASEY: (INNOCENTLY, BUT WORRIED) You dont think anyone'd try to follow us?

PHELPS: Casey, in this counterfeiting game of our's it's foolish to take chances.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE MOTOR...HOLD UNDER

PHELPS: There's our destination, Casey.

CASEY: That old tumbledown shack?

PHELPS: Yes. My friend, who makes those good $10 bills is waiting for us there. (CHUCKLES) He doesn't make them in this house, of course, so dont expect to see any presses...this is merely where he transacts business.

CASEY: He sure picked an out-of-the-way joint.

PHELPS. It isn't so far out of town...it's taken us a long time to get here because George- our driver -has doubled back and forth a lot to throw off any possible followers.

CASEY: (DRYLY) He's done that, alright.

PHELPS: He always does. Here we are.

SOUND: CAR STOPS, CUT MOTOR...DOOR OPENED

PHELPS: You'll stay here in the car, George, and keep a look-out.

GEORGE: (A MUG) Okay, Phelps.

PHELPS: Come on, Casey.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL...HOLD UNDER & CUT AT *

CASEY: The house is all dark.

PHELPS: It's supposed to be vacant...lights in there would attract unwelcome attention.and— my friend cant be too careful.

CASEY: Yeah. (*)

SOUND: SOFT, SHARP KNOCKS AT DOOR— TWO SHORT, TWO LONG

CASEY: (LOW) That trick knock is to let your "friend" inside know it's you, huh?

PHELPS: (LOW) Yes. (NOTE: PHELPS, ARTHUR & GEORGE ARE DOING AN "ACT" & CREATING AN ATMOSPHERE TO IMPRESS A SUCKER UNTIL LATER CUE

ARTHUR: (SO, BRUSQUE, IMPATIENT, SUSPICIOUS...INSIDE, SHARPLY:) Phelps?

PHELPS: Yes, Arthur...with Mr. Casey.

ARTHUR: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY UNLOCKED & OPENED.....CLOSED & RELOCKED AT *

ARTHUR: Come in quick...and let me shut this door again. (*)

PHELPS: Casey, this is Arthur— the man who makes money as good as the Government's.

CASEY: Glad to know you, Arthur.

ARTHUR: How are y'? You've brought the 25,000 with you?

CASEY: Sure. Where's the stuff I'm going to get for it?

ARTHUR: In this suitcase.

CASEY: Say— I can hardly see in here. How about helping out the little bit of moonlight that soaks through those windows with—?

ARTHUR: I've got a flashlight I'll switch on for you...we cant have any larger lights— too dangerous. I'm a counterfeiter Mister...if the cops got wind to what I'm doing, they'd send me away for twenty years.

PHELPS: Arthur cant be too careful, Casey.

CASEY: Oh, I understand. Switch on your flashlight, Arthur, and let's have a look in the case.

ARTHUR: (IRRITABLY) You're a kind of distrustful guy, Mister. Maybe I oughta be distrustful, too! How about having a look at your money?

PHELPS: (QUICKLY PACIFIC) Casey's already shown it to me, Arthur... and I've counted it; it's all there.

ARTHUR: I haven't seen it, Phelps!

CASEY: Here's my roll...do you want to count it?

ARTHUR: (SUDDENLY GRACIOUS) No...now you've shown me you're fair-minded, I'll take your word for it. And, to show you I'm on the level, I dont want to touch it before you see what's in this case. Hold the flashlight, Phelps, while I open it up.

PHELPS: Sure.

SOUND: CHEAP SUITCASE UNSNAPPED & OPENED

ARTHUR: Well, Mr. Casey— is this full of fine, new $10 bills or not?

CASEY: (WITH SOME SURPRISE) Yeah.

ARTHUR: There's a hundred to a package and eighty packages...look through a package— here! Ruffle through it— count the bills, if you like. (CHUCKLING) But you know it dont cost me much to make em...there'd be no reason for me to cheat you.

CASEY: That's so.

ARTHUR: Satisfied?

CASEY: Yeah?

ARTHUR: Then toss that package back in the suitcase and we'll conclude our deal.

CASEY: Here's the package...and here's your 25-grand for the suitcase and what's in it.

ARTHUR: Thanks. Now I'll close the case for you and—

SOUND: QUICK KNOCK AT DOOR

PHELPS: (QUICKLY, IN ALARM) Someone at the door!

ARTHUR: (QUICKLY) Phelps, switch off that flashlight!

PHELPS: Yes! Who's outside there??

GEORGE: (OUTSIDE, QUICKLY) George. Let me in!

SOUND: DOOR QUICKLY UNLOCKED & OPENED

GEORGE: (ON MIKE) A police car just turned into the road!

PHELPS:
ARTHUR: Police???

PHELPS/ARTHUR: We've got to get out of here!!

PHELPS: Here's your suitcase,Casey...take it and come with me!

CASEY: (BIG) Oh,no!— all of you guys are staying right here!

ARTHUR: He's got a gun on us! (THE "ACT" IS OVER NOW)

CASEY: Only because there's three of you and I'm taking no chances with the paper's money.

PHELPS: (VICIOUSLY) You strung me along so you could trap us, Casey!

CASEY: That's right,Phelps!— and it's fun to trap rats...the kind that cause guys to shoot themselves,as you caused Greenlee.

PHELPS: So that's what put you onto us,eh?

CASEY: Yes. I'm sorry I cant land you on the murder rap you deserve;but those marked bills you've got in your pocket, Arthur,will send the gang of you up for nice long stretches and get back for Mrs.Greenlee the dough you swindled from her husband!

ARTHUR: Oh,no— (BIG) Get him,guys— TOGETHER!!

SOUND: SCUFFLE & STRUGGLE...CUT AT *

PHELPS: (STRUGGLING...BIG) Help me hold him,Arthur!!— get his gun,George!!

GEORGE: I got it!! Now,be good,Mr.Casey,or I'll blow you in two!

CASEY: (*) (PANTING,BREATHLESS,RAPID) You'd better drop that gun,George! You saw a police car on this raod a minute ago...and that means the cops managed to tail us in spite of your precautions,Phelps!

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES MALICIOUSLY) It's really a pity to shatter your illusions,Casey,but— George's report of an approaching police car was only part of the "act" that we put on for suckers.

CASEY: "Act"?

PHELPS: Since you've learned so much about us,you may as well have all the details:— ~~When~~ George yelled "copper" and I ~~me~~ turned off the flashlight so that,in the darkness and confusion,Arthur could switch the suitcase you saw filled with money to another filled with paper...for you to carry home,as Greenlee did.

ARTHUR: And,because you wont have a chance to repeat what we tell you,Mister— the dough you saw in the first suitcase was mostly dough we took from Greenlee.

PHELPS: (CHUCKLES) Now we have Casey's 25,000 to add to it,Arthur.

ARTHUR: (LAUGHS) Yeah...and the little marks on it wont keep us from changing it into nice new $10 bills— to catch other suckers.

PHELPS: But the sweetest sucker to catch is your kind,Casey...the real wise-guy sucker who tries to hook the guys that fish for him. It's too bad we'll have to kill you for our own protection...I'd like to see you live— and squirm.

GEORGE: Shall I let him have it,Phelps?

PHELPS: Yes—

LOGAN: (HALF OFF...ARRESTING:)) Drop that gun!!

ALL: STARTLED REACTION

CASEY: Logan—!!

GEORGE: The cops!!

LOGAN: Drop that gun,rat!— we've got you three guys covered from every window! That's right! All of you stick up your hands!

CASEY: How did you get here,Logan??

LOGAN: (FADING ON)..HEAVILY SARCASTIC) The brilliant amateur detective didn't think an unbright cop would have the back door of the Blue Note covered as well as the front door, ~~Casey xxx and when did I think we dumb cops~~ (CONT'D)

LOGAN: (cont'd) Casey...and he didn't think we dumb clucks knew how to tail a car without the wise guys in it getting wiser.

CASEY: (GULPS) I— uh— (PLEASANTLY) When did you get here, Logan?

LOGAN: My guys surrounded the house after we saw this George come inside...I didn't tip my hand right after they jumped you, Casey, because I wanted to listen to the interesting conversation these three birds were dishing out. It amounts to a nice, complete confession...and with these marked bills —

CASEY: Hey!— take these bills from Arthur's poclet, Logan, and put em in a good safe place...I promised Burke the paper wouldn't lose a nickel of that money!

LOGAN: (DRYLY) Swell promise-keeper you'd be if it wasn't for me— Humpty Dumpty.

CASEY: (PAUSE...MEEKLY) Logan...I'm afraid I owe you a dinner.

LOGAN: You owe me your life!— and that's only worth a sandwich. (ROARS) Load these crooks in the cars, boys, and let's get out of here!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS, PIANO BEHIND...HOLD IN BACK

ETH: So Mrs. Greenlee and her kids are going to get most of her husband's dough back, Casey?

CASEY: They are, Ethelbert. The mob had spent a couple thousand of it, but the bulk of it was in that first suitcase.

ANN: Casey did a swell job, didn't he, Ethelbert.

ETH: He sure did, Miss Williams.

CASEY: (UNCOMFORTABLY) I- uh— Ann, Ethelbert did some pretty important work on this case.

ETH: (PLEASED) Say— that's so.

CASEY: And Burke made a couple of helpful contributions.

ANN: Ye-es.

CASEY: Logan put in- uh -his two cents' worth.

ANN: So did I, come to think of it!— if Phelps hadn't offered me his place at the bar that day, you wouldn't have noticed him and Greenlee together or heard about the $10 bills.

CASEY: You were in it, too, Ann.

ETH: As my sister, Edna, says when she serves hash for dinner— quote: "This was a co-operative venture"!

CASEY: But I'll take independant credit for one thing, Ethelbert:- since we broke the case, I've shot some doggone good exclusive pictures.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

— THE END —

by: Alonzo Deen Cole